Warm Winter Nights

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/43574748.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	domestic hannigram, Getting Together, Surprise Road Trips, Sex, First Time Together, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham, Soft Smut Sunday, Christmas Advent, Snowed In, Don't copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of Christmas Advent, 2022
Stats:	Published: 2022-12-12 Words: 4,163 Chapters: 1/1

Warm Winter Nights

by JSinister32

Summary

> “Do I get to know our destination now that our trip is underway?”
> Will took a sip from the thermos Hannibal had provided and glanced in his direction; the doctor looked better than he could have ever expected in a casual sweatshirt and jeans, baseball cap over his hair and aviators covering his eyes. *Fuck, he is so good looking. I want to pull over right now and—*
> “No,” he grinned, turning his attention back to the road. “What part of surprise don’t you understand?” Hannibal snorted and collected the thermos, loosening the top with deft fingers.

OR

Will wants to escape Baltimore for some peace and quiet before another bout of inevitable holiday crimes. When Hannibal agrees to go with him, they may get more time than they bargained for.

Notes

Hello, hello my lovelies!

I know tonight was technically a chaptered advent night, someone posted a picture of a snowy window to Twitter, and I couldn't get it out of my head. As a result, you get a soft one shot for Christmas.

Enjoy.

Hearts and Body Parts,
🤍JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

See the end of the work for more notes

If kisses were snowflakes,
I'd send you a blizzard.

Hannibal Lecter was a man who allowed few surprises to overtake him - fewer still since he'd gotten older and settled into his life as the resident psychiatrist for Quantico in Baltimore; a comfortable profession that allowed him to be close enough to carnage to satisfy the monster inside on most days, and had the added benefit of removing himself from suspicion for his previous transgressions.

His life was predictable; never boring but could be charted with some level of steadfastness that set his mind at ease.

Will Graham was the one exception that he accepted with any regularity.

Will had a way of keeping him on his toes - he prevented the tedium that would have drawn him back into his old habits, and sated his need for companionship when nobody else around him truly could understand what— or who— he was.

His feelings for the handsome profiler should have come as no surprise, but when he'd discovered them, Hannibal had done everything to alleviate the constant ache in his heart, short of cutting contact with Will completely. They'd had their battles, but Will proved far more resilient than Hannibal could have predicted.

In the end, they were closer for his failed attempts, but Will remained woefully out of emotional reach.

Or so Hannibal had thought.

A simple text arrived Wednesday afternoon, breaking through the monotony of his usual appointments; Hannibal had found it intriguing enough to respond right away instead of his usual games of making Will work for his attention.

[02:14PM] I know you're with Williamson, but I wanted to ask you something. When you get a chance, of course.

[02:16PM] *Will Graham, as I live and breathe. To what do I owe the pleasure?*

Will's response had almost made him laugh aloud. The agent in question, Brian Williamson, droned on, blissfully unaware of the verbal discourse happening during his alloted time with Doctor Lecter.

[02:19PM] Cut the shit Hannibal, or I'll just forget this conversation ever happened.

[02:21PM] *Sensitive. Forgive me, Will. I do enjoy prodding you from time to time. What is it you wish to ask me?*

[02:24PM] I'm going to ignore that. Do you have plans this weekend?

Hannibal kept the surprise from his face as best he could.

[02:26PM] *I do not believe I do.*

[02:28PM] Do you want to have plans?

[02:30PM] *Do I get an idea as to the itinerary prior to my agreement?*

[02:34PM] Nope. You can agree, and place yourself at my mercy for four days, or you can say no and I can send you pictures when I return. The ball is completely in your court, though. Choose wisely.

Hannibal chewed his bottom lip and contemplated his options; more than anything, he wanted a chance to get to know Will on a more personal level, but he didn't like to be caught unaware in any situation. *But what harm can truly befall me if I am with him? It isn't as if I am incapable of defending myself.*

[02:40PM] You still there, or did you already chicken out?

[02:41PM] *I am here. May I have a hint as to your planned activities?*

[02:44PM] No.

But what do I truly have to lose?

[02:48PM] *I accept.*

[02:51PM] Good, because I already cleared it with Jack. Go home after Williamson and pack for a week in cold weather, just to be safe if we get wet. We leave at first light tomorrow and won't be back until Monday evening.

Hannibal snorted; Williamson glanced up from the couch, confusion painted into his normally empty features.

"Everything okay, doc?" Hannibal nodded and stowed away his phone.

"Everything is fine, Agent." He picked up his pad and crossed his legs. "Please, continue."

***

"Do I get to know our destination now that our trip is underway?"

Will took a sip from the thermos Hannibal had provided and glanced in his direction; the doctor looked better than he could have ever expected in a casual sweatshirt and jeans, baseball cap over his hair and aviators covering his eyes. *Fuck, he is so good looking. I want to pull over right now and—*

"No," he grinned, turning his attention back to the road. "What part of surprise don't you understand?" Hannibal snorted and collected the thermos, loosening the top with deft fingers.

“Had I known you planned to keep me in the dark for the entirety of this little getaway, I might have declined to join you,” he snarked. Will laughed, and tried to calm the fluttering in his stomach. Cranky Hannibal early in the morning was becoming one of his favorite versions of the enigmatic doctor; Hannibal was always so pristine and put together, as if he’d just been unwrapped. Seeing him like this lit a fire beneath his ribs, stoking the one that already existed into an inferno.

“You’ll know when we get there. I’m not leading you into danger, if that is your concern.” Hannibal nodded and took another sip from the thermos.

“And if you need me to take a turn at driving, how am I supposed to do so if I do not know our destination?”

“You won’t be driving on the way up,” Will replied simply. “I’m not the least bit tired, and I know where we’re going.” He risked a glance over; Hannibal’s head had fallen back against the seat, revealing the long line of his throat. Will swallowed hard and would have bet anything his eyes were closed.

“Get some sleep, Hannibal,” he murmured gently, patting the other man on the leg. “I’ll wake you when we arrive.”

Hannibal’s hand snaked out and pinned Will’s fingers in place on his leg, lacing his own digits gently through. Will’s heart spiraled into free fall.

“I do not wish to sleep.”

Will didn’t reply, but loosened Hannibal’s grip, using his freed fingers to trace nonsensical patterns atop the doctor’s thigh.

Within minutes, Hannibal was sound asleep. Will turned the radio to the first classical station he could find and gave his full attention back to the highway. His hand didn’t leave Hannibal’s leg for the rest of the drive.

***

“Christ, am I glad to get out of the car.”

Will stood and stretched, waiting for his back to pop back into place as he glared up at the bright unbroken blue of the skies that stretched before them. Hannibal suppressed a huff of laughter and let his door fall closed before making his way to the trunk.

“Had you taken me up on my offer to share the burden of navigation, you would have had a chance to rest,” he admonished. Will only grinned impishly up at him through his lashes and snuck the bag from his grasp.

“You didn’t know where we were going,” he called over one shoulder. “Let’s get settled in and I’ll give you a quick tour before I catch a nap.”

The cabin ahead of them was small; picturesque where it nestled into the trees. In the distance, he could make out a small lake, complete with a pier that seemed to end at the back

of the property. He followed Will up the stairs to the porch and through the front door, turning on the lights as Will deposited their bags onto the ground.

“Home sweet home,” he murmured into the quiet; Hannibal’s eyes widened. He sounded as if he meant it.

“Yours?” Will nodded.

“Mm. Belonged to my dad; we’d come up for hunting trips every couple of years. A family in town maintains it for me when I can’t make it up.”

Hannibal glanced around. Everything was cozy and comfortable; obviously built for relaxation over aesthetics. The furniture was overstuffed and a nondescript brown, a small fireplace tucked into a corner. The kitchen was surprisingly large; he made his way through and opened the refrigerator, curiosity overtaking his sense of propriety. To his surprise, it appeared fully stocked.

“Looks like we have everything I asked for,” Will commented at his elbow; Hannibal flinched, and let the door to the fridge fall closed. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“No problem.” Will’s eyes softened.

“I’m really happy you trusted me enough to come up here with me. Would you like a tour of the rest of the house?” Hannibal contemplated for several long seconds before landing on honesty.

“I’d prefer a nap,” he murmured, holding Will’s gaze. “Preferably with you next to me in a bed for several uninterrupted hours. Will nodded and closed the entry door, locking it securely behind him.

“That can be arranged.”

He took Hannibal’s hand and lead him through the hall, pausing only long enough to turn off the light to the front of the house.

***

Four hours of solid rest was suddenly broken by Will whimpering in his sleep. Hannibal woke with a start, searching for the source of the distressed sound; when he focused on the profiler struggling in his sleep, his heart cracked in two. The doctor’s arm snaked out; before he had the wherewithal to stop himself, he pulled Will back into the solid warmth of his chest. Gentle fingers traced along Will’s spine, searching unconsciously for the hem of the t shirt he’d worn to to bed. The second whimper broke off in a moan as Hannibal’s fingertips made contact; Will’s eyes fluttered open, revealing stark, unfiltered need in what blue remained in his gaze. The rest seemed swallowed by softly swollen pupil, rendering his eyes obsidian in the low light of early evening. Gone was the careful mask he’d been wearing for the past year and a half; in its place was a longing so raw, Hannibal’s very heart seemed to cease beating.

They didn't share a word between them as they inched closer, noses brushing as Hannibal's hands crept further up Will's spine. Will's only sound was another quiet moan at the back of his throat before Hannibal's lips met his own.

The effect was immediate. The entire room could have been set ablaze, and neither man would have known it. Will's mouth tasted of stale coffee and something purely Will; sweet and cloying and addictive. If need had a flavor, Hannibal imagined it would be very similar - he coaxed Will to open his mouth with his tongue and chased the intoxicating taste it its source.

A shudder wracked the lithe frame in Hannibal's arms. Their lips parted as they deepened their contact, tongues gently brushing and exploring as they kissed as if starved for it. Hannibal lived out a fantasy he'd had since they met and plunged his hands into the softness of Will's curls, guiding his face so he could deepen their contact. He kissed Will's mouth swollen and shining, until the profiler managed to sit up and haul the soft t shirt over his head, revealing a long, lean torso, with finely developed musculature dusted in the lightest smattering of hair right at his belt. Hannibal didn't bother with preamble - he knew what they both wanted from the moment he'd accepted Will's invitation for this little trip away from civilization. Lips and tongue and teeth decorated the flawless porcelain skin beneath them with a bouquet of bruises. He took his time when the profiler's breath hitched, puffing air against sensitive skin as he pulled Will's jeans open with a single hand.

Hannibal slowly worked his way down Will's stomach with his mouth, exploring the grooves between muscles with his tongue, gently nipping at his sides. Will didn't seem to know what to do with his hands; clutching at the pristine white sheets didn't seem to be enough to keep him still. When Hannibal regained enough of his own composure to make the realization, he'd relegated those hands to his hair with a gentle smile.

Tug. Pull if you need to. Enjoy me, as I am enjoying you.

The words were spoken through glances and puffed out breaths, the silence between them fragile and unbroken. Hannibal dipped his head deliberately back to Will's chest, laving across his nipples with a warm tongue, holding Will's heated gaze safely in his own. Will couldn't seem to keep still. The hands in Hannibal's hair carded through the soft strands, tightening when he liked what the doctor was doing. He enjoyed the gentle tug of Hannibal's teeth on his nipples - Hannibal attended to them with all the worship they deserved before moving back down.

The jeans that encased Will's legs were not pulled free - not at first. Hannibal popped open the button and tugged down the zipper slowly over Will's already swollen erection. He could hear each tooth of the zipper disengage as if all other noise had ceased to exist. The lips on Will's chest moved lower, sought the soft skin of his abdomen as a single hand brushed knuckles over Will's cock.

The wheeze that escaped Will's throat would have been alarming had it not been for the look on the profiler's face. He appeared half-crazed; hair wild and eyes hazy with need. The noises that poured forth from his lips were enough to set Hannibal's blood on fire. He stood from the bed and pulled the jeans free; the boxers came next, leaving Will gloriously naked

beneath him. Hannibal fell to his knees at the foot of the bed and took in the sight before him, trying his best not to rush these first, fragile moments between them.

Will Graham; his pseudo-patient, his closest friend, the man he had just now understood that he loved, was absolutely perfect.

The pale flesh of his abs bloomed a soft pink from the attentions of Hannibal's mouth, muscles quivering with the effort to keep still beneath Hannibal's scrutiny. His cock was long and thick, flushed a deep rose and leaking from the swollen head. Hannibal wanted to lick the moisture from his skin. He wanted to taste the salt and lust from Will's passion, feel him pulse in his throat as he took him down. He suddenly, voraciously wanted everything Will had to offer him; needed to make it his. He had always felt protective of the man before him, but now, protection gave way to a desire so strong, it felt as if it might tear him apart at the seams.

He would die happily, if this is how he was to go.

"Hannibal—"

The sound of his name in Will's fucked out voice was enough to snap him from his reverie. Hannibal reached forward with trembling hands and grasped Will's knees, pushing gently until Will spread his thighs. He slipped between them, fighting the instinct to remove his own clothing and claim his prize by laying a delicate kiss to the inside of each of Will's knees.

"I want to taste you."

Hannibal didn't recognize the sound of his own voice. Will's eyes widened, but he nodded and let his head fall back to the pillows. Hannibal's hands spread him wider before he lowered his mouth to the base of Will's cock. He licked a long, wet stripe up the bottom, laving over the vein that pulsed beneath his tongue. Will keened; struggled to find a purchase before digging his hands once more into Hannibal's hair.

Hannibal continued his trek upwards, guided by the gentle, restless tugs of Will's hands. He let his mouth open over the soft sponginess of Will's head, relished the tangy flavor of precome on his tongue before slowly, carefully swallowing the other man down.

"Fuck!"

Profanity had never been Hannibal's particular vocal forte, but the word sounded good on Will's lips. He was relentless; didn't give the profiler a moment to adjust before he began to bob his head. Will fought desperately in his grip, but Hannibal simply spread his legs wider, exposing Will's most intimate parts to his greedy gaze. The very sight of the feast before him was enough to release Will's cock from his throat.

"I want to take you," he murmured truthfully. Will's chest heaved; tears tracked down his cheeks to disappear into the pillow beneath his head.

Hannibal had never seen a more beautiful sight.

“Lube is too far,” Will begged. “Open me with your mouth and take me without it.”

Hannibal’s hands flexed on Will’s thighs. There would be bruises there; marks to remind Will of this first time. He wondered if he would blush. He wondered if he would press on them to keep them longer.

“It will be painful for you if we do not—”

“Please. I want it to hurt.” Hannibal cocked his head thoughtfully.

“Another time, perhaps,” he mused. “But this first time, I wish to offer you nothing but pleasure.”

Will practically howled when he stood and strode from the bedroom, shedding clothes as he went.

The bottle was more difficult to find than he wanted it to be. In the end, he upended his own suitcase and sourced the container he himself had packed and made his way back, fingers shaking as he pulled open the lid. Will was exactly where he’d left him - a deity fallen to earth, waiting for Hannibal’s devotion. Hannibal intended to do just that.

The wind began to blow, rattling the windows as he reopened Will’s legs, and situated himself at the perfect height to take him back into his mouth as he opened him with his fingers. He pressed the tip of his tongue into Will’s slit as he circled the wrinkled flesh of his opening, willing him to soften. Will unexpectedly rocked his hips downward, taking him to the first knuckle. He was tight enough that Hannibal heard the sharp gasp at the intrusion, but when he tried to remove his finger, Will vehemently shook his head.

“I know you’re trying to be a gentleman, but I have waited long enough for this,” he gritted between his teeth. “Work me open, Hannibal. Put that clever tongue of yours to some use and fuck me like we both need you to.”

Hannibal didn’t have enough faculties left in him to argue. He simply slid reached above him to where his pillow lay next to Will and folded it over, before tapping Will’s hips.

“Up. This will make it easier for us both.”

The added height put Will wonderfully on display; Hannibal pulled him to the edge of the bed and sank to his knees before spreading his thighs once more.

“Give yourself to me, Will,” he whispered against his thigh. “Let me have you.”

Will sobbed with relief at the first finger as it breached him once more. Hannibal’s tongue laved at the sensitive skin of his opening, circling it gently as he fucked him open with his fingers. He could feel the profiler clenching around him; brushed the tip of his tongue over the edge of his finger. Will’s sobs echoed through the small space as he slowly relaxed.

“Two.”

Hannibal was a slave to obey; Will wanted nothing less from him. The second finger eased in much easier than the first; Hannibal located and circled the soft bundle of nerves deep inside Will's body as he sucked a bruise into his perineum. The profiler's legs began to shake when Hannibal stroked over his prostate; a bare hint of pressure; a taste of ecstasy. Hannibal watched, fascinated at the arch of his back as Will's body softened beneath his touch.

"Hannibal please—"

It was all the encouragement he needed. The doctor clambered onto the bed and sourced the bottle he'd dropped onto the sheets, pouring the viscous liquid onto his palm. Will watched him hungrily between his spread thighs as he covered himself in lube - Hannibal was so sensitive, he knew he wasn't going to last, but he wanted to ensure he wasn't going to hurt the man beneath him.

"You've got a gorgeous cock," Will commented. "I want to put my mouth on it later."

Hannibal let out a shaky laugh.

"You will be the death of me," he assured the profiler. "Are you sure you're prepared?" Will nodded enthusiastically.

"You've done your job, doc. No more waiting. I need you now."

Hannibal took a shuddering breath and lined himself up, lowering himself to his elbows to capture Will's mouth as he slowly pressed in. Will broke the kiss just as Hannibal's tip breached his body.

"Oh Jesus— Oh God Hannibal—"

Will was babbling. He couldn't seem to stop himself. Hannibal pressed forward gently until their hips came flush; Will's hands shot to his shoulders, fingernails sinking into his skin.

"Give," he demanded. Hannibal's grin was sharp; predatory.

"As you wish."

He pulled out until just the flared head of his cock remained, and snapped his hips forward, filling the profiler completely. The sound Will made was barely human; rivulets of blood trickled from wounds made by his hands as Hannibal set a swift, brutal pace.

"Is this what you wanted?" he panted against Will's mouth. "Why you invited me up here with you on a whim?"

"Wasn't a whim," Will admitted in broken, breathy sighs. "Planned to ask you weeks ago but we got busy—" Hannibal's eyes gleamed; his hands curved beneath Will's knees, spread him wider.

"Oh fuck, right there—"

"You planned this then?" Will nodded, lost.

“Wanted to have the time with you where nobody could reach us,” he moaned. “Wanted you to myself so we could— so I could—” Hannibal pounded into his prostate, forcing the words from his mind.

“Then let me give you all you desire, Will. Feel me inside you, and come for me.”

Will’s hand flew to his cock; Hannibal considered knocking it away, but he was so close, and he wanted Will to follow him down. Three tight flicks of his wrist, and Will’s head snapped back. With a cry, he came, Hannibal’s name breaking across his lips as he painted his fist and abs with his own emission.

The sight alone would have been enough to carry Hannibal over the edge; the velvet feel of Will’s walls hugging his cock only heightened his own pleasure. Hannibal buried himself deep and let the white hot peaks of pleasure pull him down.

***

“I didn’t expect there to be so much snow,” Will lamented, staring over Hannibal’s shoulder out the window at which he still stood. “I thought the storms were scheduled for next week at the earliest.”

Hannibal took a sip from the glass of wine still clasped between his fingers and let the flavors mix with the already intoxicating flavor of satiation from their previous activities. The wine looked almost black against the backdrop of snowy night; with the fire still lit in the small stove that warmed the front of the cabin, he expected more color to pour through the clear vessel, but the inky blackness beyond the curtain leached the life from it.

“I cannot imagine either of us could have foreseen the onslaught,” he agreed, glass pressed to his lip. “We were rather… preoccupied when the storm warning came through.” The shell pink that tinged the tips of Will’s ears and the high point of his cheeks was breathtaking.

“We’re well provisioned. I brought in three full cords of firewood earlier and we have enough food for ten days or more.” Hannibal hummed against the glass, watching through the windows as the snow continued to fall.

“Fortuitous,” he observed. “That you thought to stock so well for such a short trip.” Will’s arm wound around his waist.

“Perhaps, I wished for it.” The sentiment caught the doctor by surprise.

“Wished for what, exactly?” Will pressed a kiss to his neck.

“Nothing nefarious, Hannibal. Just…” he gestured between them. “This. The opportunity to have you to myself and see what might bloom.” Hannibal’s heart glowed.

“If we are fortunate, we have many days of discovery ahead of us,” he murmured, pulling Will into the comforting circle of his arms. “If the snows continue to fall, we will have to remain in place.” Will hummed; the sound was low and throaty— content.

“Not a bad place to spend Christmas,” he mused. “Could probably even cut down a tree if you wanted. There’s decorations in here somewhere.” Two shaking fingers found their way beneath Will’s chin; his face tilted up willingly to meet the gorgeous golden mahogany of Hannibal’s eyes.

“Yes,” he whispered against Will’s mouth. “Snowed in on Christmas with you in my arms sounds like the most sublime holiday I could imagine. On one condition, of course.” Will reached for a kiss; Hannibal pulled away, sincerity filling his features.

“Anything,” Will whispered. “Although any gifts will have to wait until we return.”

“I want you, Will,” Hannibal replied. “You are the only gift for which I could wish this year. This, and many years to come.” Will surged up to connect their mouths, tears running from the corners of his eyes.

“Take me to bed,” he begged. “And ask me again in the morning.”

End Notes

Housekeeping!

I know you guys know this, but I always like to leave the little reminder: if you have left me comments to which I have not responded, I'm getting there. Promise. I love you guys so much for the huge amount of support you always show my writing. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you.

I should be wrapping up Under My Tree tonight - I think you guys have waited long enough. I'm Yours should continue midweek and be back on schedule for Sundays. The rest of the advent one shots will begin to ramp up as Christmas draws closer.

If you aren't already, come be my friend on Twitter. I post short, fun little thread fics when I am stuck in meetings (which is almost every day), so there's little tidbits to sink your teeth into if you want them. Plus, I can talk to you guys!

Either way, regardless of whether I just see you here; if you read my stories, leave me kudos, comment, or follow me... I adore every single one of you. I can't wait to bring you more holiday treats.

See you in the next,
-jm

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!